

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

138



Dad hard at work at his house-painting. He looks as if he likes the job, judging by his smile.

C.P.O.

Albert Rowe
ALL'S WELL
AT HOME
and
ALL'S SWELL
WITH THE
APPLES

IT'S harvest time at No. 7 Pine Avenue, Fawdon, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the home of Chief Petty Officer Albert Rowe.

Well, Albert, it is nearly eighteen months since you were home last, and the fruits of your labours in the garden, with the rose bushes and apple tree, are being harvested by Mum and Dad. They are having a busy time of it, too! When the "Good Morning" photographer called they had just collected over five stone of lovely juicy apples, and were they pleased!

The roses are still in full bloom, and although many have been cut, others continue to grow in their place. Remember that little bird-table and nest you fixed up on a pole, near the dining-room window?

Every night, a blue tit comes to feed from the little tray, and then beds down for the night in the little cage. Dad says it leaves a nest, just a few gardens away. Perhaps he has a full house at home.

Mabs—your fiancee—made a visit recently and took some of the apples away with her, on her journey South.

There's only one disappointment in the garden, Albert, and that's the tomato plants. Only one piece of fruit is to be seen on the lot.

By the way, Dad is making a grand job of the painting of the house for your wedding, on next leave. And one more message for you—Mum and Dad are saving part of the harvest for the re-union. Let's hope they're "fruits of victory!"

SUCCESSFUL LANDING OPERATIONS (Seen at the Serpentine, London)



Argue this out for yourselves

SECURITY.

THE chief enemy of enterprise is anxiety, not security. It is when men feel that the foundation of life is safe that they are most ready to engage in hazards.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

KIPLING.

THOSE of us who were young between 1895 and 1914 were most certainly influenced by his writing and thought. It is not the fashion, nor the mentality of to-day, to like "Imperialism"—but there was much more in his work than drum-beating and flag-wagging. There was a code of personal conduct and discipline and a sturdy moral courage which all generations, whatever their current political thought, might enjoy, as well as follow.

R. A. Pennethorne (Abersoch).

OUTLOOK.

THE world into which we are now entering must inevitably be a world of change, in which sudden decisions must be made and instantly acted upon, a world in which great demands will be made upon people's creative effort and enthusiasm, a world of huge responsible tasks, in which men will have little chance of dropping into comfortable routines of existence, but, on the other hand, will see before them, freely offering themselves, many magnificent opportunities.

J. B. Priestley.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT Has Mr. Fox got you all foxed?



HAVE you ever come across an inn with a sign giving the place two distinct names? At Sennen, Cornwall, we find that "The First Inn in England" is painted on one side of the sign, and on the other side it says "The Last Inn in England."

This novel way of having two names is on account of its strange position—it is right on the tip of the Cornish coast, near Lands End. Thus, if you are leaving the land, it is the "last," but if you are arriving from the sea it becomes the "first." Strange, but true!

TELL THIS TO THE GALLEY

Peter Davis
advises you
to go and

THIS isn't a farmyard inventory, so listen: 387 oxen, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars and 20,000 fowls, plus 275 fitches of bacon, bread, fruit and potatoes.

It is just an account of a banquet to which King Edward I once sat down with his guests. How's that for a meal?

Two thousand cooks were needed to deal with the vast quantity of food, and afterwards they all sat down to a great feast of their own, made up exclusively of the leftovers. The sheriffs of twelve counties aided in the catering, and the poultry came, what was then the week's journey from Dorset and Somerset.

When James II attended a beanfeast, 245 items faced him on the menu. The King's master-cook, Patrick Lamb, specialised in cold meats and had devised 99 different cold dishes.

He set them all on the table at once, with salads of all kinds, great basins of sweets and plates of all sorts of jellies, with plates and glasses to fill up vacancies between the dishes.

There wasn't a square inch of tablecloth to be seen, and guests gaped at hogs' and stags' tongues, trotter pie, twenty-four partridges and spinach tart. And this was only the first course.

Towards the third round James crept away. When courtiers went in search of him they found him in his

private parlour, picking winkles.

George the Fourth thought nothing of spending thousands of pounds on a banquet. At such a feast 17,000 lbs. of beef, mutton and veal went down the throats of his guests, to be followed by 2,900 fowls and 8,400 eggs.

Afterwards, one of the guests complained of the shortage of sauce. Yet there were 480 small jugs served to the assembled company!

On another occasion champagne was served for the first time. Previously the guests made do with hippocras, a tonic digestive wine passed round at the end of the feast.

This champagne was such a novelty that the guests polished off every bottle on the table and then raided the royal cellars, and practically emptied every bin. Those who found themselves unable to consume the liquor on the premises, crammed bottles into their pockets before staggering into the streets...

But it was Charles II who staged the strangest banquet of all.

He invited everybody he could think of, and because the royal memory was a trifle faulty, hundreds of gate-crashers turned up. While they feasted on the leading dishes, many of the real guests had to stand about cheerfully picknicking on what they could grab.

Tell this to the galley! Then let the galley tell you!

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. What is an elver?
2. Who wrote (a) The Cathedral, (b) Murder in the Cathedral?

3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why?—Mustard, Pepper, Salt, Nutmeg, Spice, Cayenne.

4. What is the meaning of R.S.V.P.?

5. Where are the Cheviot Hills?

6. What is vodka?

7. What is an isosceles triangle?

8. Where does the Kauri pine grow?

9. Who was Angel Clare?

10. Who said, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever"?

11. When and why was Dartmoor Prison built?

Answers to Quiz in No. 137

1. A Canadian sledge dog.
2. (a) Sir Walter Scott, (b) Gilbert and Sullivan.

3. Whit Sunday is not a Quarter Day; the others are.

4. Quod erat demonstrandum—"which was to be proved."

5. A plateau in southern India.

6. An "old timer" in Canada and Alaska.

7. The ludicrous transposition of the initial letters or sounds, as "shoving leopard" for "loving shepherd."

8. A flower: the Californian poppy.

9. Lawyers in Dickens's "Pickwick Papers."

10. Milton.

11. 1922.

12. The cross-bar of a plough, to which the traces are fixed.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 99

1. SENSUALISE.

2. UNITED STATES.

3. NEXT, NEAT, NEAR, REAR, ROAD, SOAR, SOUR, POUR, POOR, DOOR.

FLAT, FEAT, FIAT, FIST, FISH.

TRAM, TRIM, GRIM, GRIN, GAIN, PAIN, PAIL, MAIL, MARL, MARE, FARE.

NUTS, CUTS, CUTE, COTE, CONE, CANE, WANE, WINE.

4. Chin, Main, Mane, Name, Mean, Came, Mace, Cane, Care, Race, Year, Rain, Mine, Each, Char, Near, Inch, Mire, Rime, Rich, etc.

Niche, March, Charm, Chine, Chain, Miner, Reach, Yearn, Chary, Mince, etc.

R. L. Stevenson tells how THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR JEKYLL

INTO the details of the infamy at which I thus connived (for even now I can scarce grant that I committed it) I have no design of entering. I mean but to point out the warnings and the successive steps with which my chasement approached.

I met with one accident, which, as it brought on no consequence, I shall no more than mention. An act of cruelty to a child aroused against me the anger of a passer-by, whom I recognised the other day in the person of your kinsman; the doctor and the child's family joined him; there were moments when I feared for my life; and at last, in order to pacify their too just resentment, Edward Hyde had to bring them to the door and pay them in a cheque drawn in the name of Henry Jekyll.

How was this to be explained? (I asked myself). And then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey, down two pairs of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court, and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck.

It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then, with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self.

I soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size; soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later Dr. Jekyll had returned to his own shape and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a faint of breakfasting.

It was in vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognised the pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame. Something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde.

I smiled to myself, and, in my psychological way, began lazily to inquire into the elements of this illusion, occasionally, even as I did so, dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eye fell upon my hand.

Now, the hand of Henry Jekyll (as you have often remarked) was professional in shape and size; it was large, firm, white, and comely. But the hand which I now

saw, clearly enough in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying half shut on the bedclothes, was lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor, and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals, and, bounding from my bed, I rushed to the mirror.

At the sight that met my eyes my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy.

I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll. I had awakened Edward Hyde.

How was this to be explained? (I asked myself).

And then, with another bound of terror—how was it to be remedied? It was well on in the morning; the servants were up; all my drugs were in the cabinet—a long journey, down two pairs of stairs, through the back passage, across the open court, and through the anatomical theatre, from where I was then standing horror-struck.

It might indeed be possible to cover my face; but of what use was that when I was unable to conceal the alteration in my stature? And then, with an overpowering sweetness of relief, it came back upon my mind that the servants were already used to the coming and going of my second self.

I soon dressed, as well as I was able, in clothes of my own size; soon passed through the house, where Bradshaw stared and drew back at seeing Mr. Hyde at such an hour and in such a strange array; and ten minutes later Dr. Jekyll had returned to his own shape and was sitting down, with a darkened brow, to make a faint of breakfasting.

Small indeed was my appetite. This inexplicable incident, this reversal of my previous experience, seemed, like the Babylonian finger on the wall, to be spelling out the letters of my judgment; and I began to reflect more seriously than ever before on the issues and possibilities of my double existence.

That part of me which I had the power of projecting had lately been much exercised and nourished; it had seemed to me of late as though the body of Edward Hyde had grown in stature, as though (when I wore that form) I were conscious of a more generous tide of blood; and I began to spy a danger that, if this were much prolonged, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown, the power of volun-

tary change be forfeited, and the character of Edward Hyde become irrevocably mine.

The power of the drug had not been always equally displayed. Once, very early in my career, it had totally failed me; since then I had been obliged on more than one occasion to double, and once, with infinite risk of death, to treble the amount; and these rare uncertainties had cast hitherto the sole shadow on my contentment.

Now, however, and in the light of that morning's accident, I was led to remark that whereas in the beginning the difficulty had been to throw off the body of Jekyll, it had of late gradually but decidedly transferred itself to the other side.

All things, therefore, seemed

to point to this: That I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse.

Between these two I now felt I had to choose. My two natures had memory in common, but all other faculties were most unequally shared between them.

Jekyll (who was composite) now with the most sensitive apprehension, now with a greedy gusto, projected and shared in the pleasures and adventures of Hyde; but Hyde was indifferent to Jekyll, or but remembered him as the mountain bandit remembers the cavern in which he conceals himself from pursuit.

Jekyll had more than a father's interest; Hyde had more than a son's indifference. To cast in my lot with Jekyll was to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and had of late begun to pamper. To cast it in with Hyde was to die to a thousand

WANGLING WORDS—100

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after CI, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of GREAT NINE, to make an American republic.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GRAPE into FRUIT, LARK into SONG, BELL into TENT, FRIED into TRIPE.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MICHAELMAS?

interests and aspirations, and to become, at a blow and for ever, despised and friendless.

The bargain might appear unequal; but there was still another consideration in the scales; for while Jekyll would suffer smartly in the fires of abstinence, Hyde would be not even conscious of all that he had lost.

Strange as my circumstances were, the terms of this debate are as old and commonplace as man; much the same inducements and alarms cast the die for any tempted and trembling sinner; and it fell out with me, as it falls with so vast a majority of my fellows, that I chose the better part, and was found wanting in the strength to keep to it.

I preferred the elderly and discontented doctor, surrounded by friends, and cherishing honest hopes, and bade a resolute farewell to the liberty, the comparative youth, the light step, leaping pulses, and secret pleasures that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde.

I made this choice perhaps with some unconscious reservation, for I neither gave up the house in Soho nor destroyed the clothes of Edward Hyde, which still lay ready in my cabinet. For two months, however, I was true to my determination; for two months I led a life of such severity as I had never before attained to, and enjoyed the compensations of an approving conscience.

But time began at last to obliterate the freshness of my alarm; the praises of conscience began to grow into a thing of course; I began to be tortured with throes and longings, as of Hyde struggling after freedom; and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

(To be continued)

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



KOLI FISHERMEN OF BOMBAY.

One of the queerest races in the world are the Koli fishermen who ply their trade in the creeks around Bombay. Nobody knows the origin of the race. They are supposed to be the original aborigines of Bombay itself. They wear just about as little as possible. They can climb masts that few seamen could scale. Their fingers and toes are said to be natural fish-hooks. From their dizzy perches they scan the water for fish—and then the fish may as well give themselves up!

Who is it?

Has knobby knees and an infectious laugh. Carries a deformed walking-stick, and is addicted (he says) to wandering about in the twilight with females on the other side of the Tweed. Another of his amusements is rolling about in the undergrowth, particularly Erica Vulgaris. Admits that he is the silliest of the family, but seems to have done quite well for himself. Was knighted in 1919. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1. Hoist. 5. Voice. 10. Stir up. 12. Carriage. 13. Whirling motion.

14. Quote in support. 15. Coloured fluid. 16. Fermenting tank. 18. Chester's river.

19. Lives. 21. Tank of Canada and U.S. 24. Sprinkles with powder.

26. Alighted. 28. Only. 29. Ship's deviation from course.

30. Gibbon. 32. Flag. 34. Charcoal pencil.

36. Opening. 37. Loophole. 38. Ragged at edge. 39. Fondles.

JANE



JANE WAS ALWAYS LIKE A QUEEN TO ME, SIR!—BUT I SUPPOSE THAT IS TRUE OF EVERY MAN'S GIRL...

PETT 8216

CLUES DOWN.

1. Profuse. 2. Golf club. 3. Branch. 4. Impatient cry. 5. One of the U.S.A. 6. And the rest. 7. Newly-weds. 8. Most up-to-date. 9. Fencing weapon. 11. Number. 19. Nonsense. 20. Failure. 22. Money-grabber. 23. Layer at back of eye-ball. 25. Odours. 27. Flavoured with spirit. 28. Smart blow. 30. Talented. 31. Wordsworth. 33. Swelling. 35. Upholstery fabric.

HAFT PAPERS
ENLIVEN LET
ATOM POMADE
DIGIT NITRE
Q DAD NEED
CUP PURE S
HEAP MORASS
A RUMBA WET
SCALE SHADE
MODERATOR A
SWEDO SPECK

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



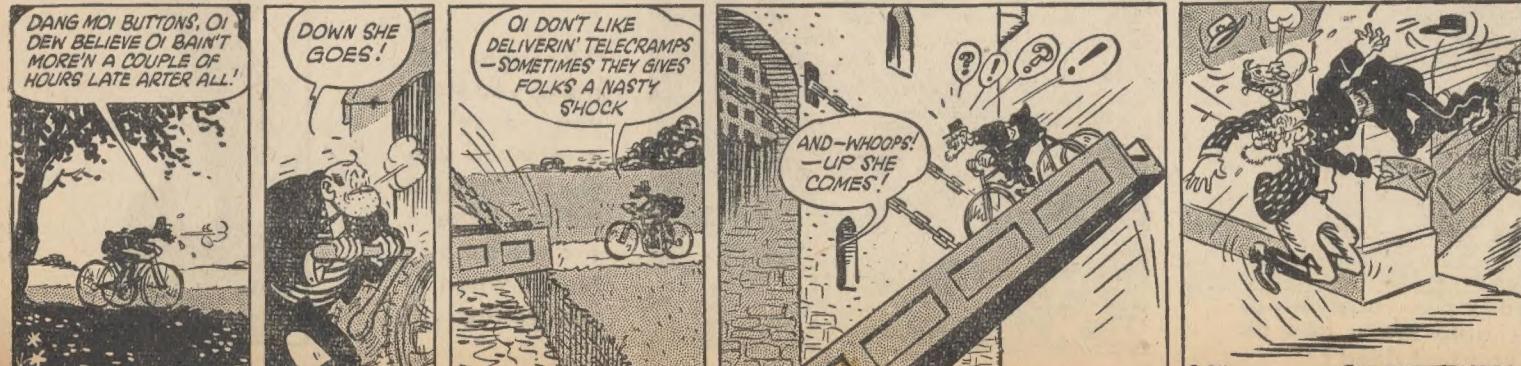
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Red Suit and Pet Leopard

By COLIN RADFORD

SOME people, even in the middle of a war, will go to any lengths to secure publicity. But it is among the entertainers that you find the real "publicity hounds."

The boxer who will never be forgotten for his stunts is Battling Siki.

A few years ago, Parisians out shopping in one of the city's main thoroughfares had the shock of their lives. A gendarme hurried forward when he saw thousands of people running for dear life. He soon discovered the cause of the panic:

Striding along, a big cigar clamped between his gold teeth, wearing a red suit, a white rose in his buttonhole, a much-powdered and painted white girl on his arm, and a leopard cub straining on a leash, was Battling Siki, the coloured boxer.

No one could get near enough—or didn't want to!—to pull him up, and for some hours Siki kept Paris in a state of jitters. Eventually, an express letter was forwarded pointing out his error—but the publicity Siki gained in this manner proved invaluable in his forthcoming fight.

PULLING POWER.

Thousands of Parisians, never before interested in boxing, crammed the arena for one purpose—to jeer Battling Siki, the man who had frightened the life out of them!

But he could take it. We all could if it meant thousands of pounds in our pockets!

No doubt many of you remember that famous silent film, "Moby Dick," which starred Jack Barrymore. The publicity men at the studio, just before the release of the film, decided upon a good stunt.

A model whale, which cost £10,000, and which "played a part" in the film, was the main attraction. A man, who sat inside the model, could make the whale's eyes roll and its tongue protrude. In fact, from a distance one would think it a real whale.

The publicity boys told Pressmen that the whale, which took the part of "Moby Dick," would give a demonstration. One summer afternoon, scores of newspaper writers, as well as hundreds of spectators, turned up at San Pedro Bay hoping to see the whale "do its stuff."

The man at the controls inside the model was confident. After all, it had worked perfectly well—on the set.

SINKING POWER.

Eventually the big moment arrived. Down a specially built slipway slithered the whale into the water. Thousands of eyes were fixed on the bay, waiting for the model to appear. Seconds ticked past, but nothing happened.

Then a head appeared above water—the head of the man who was supposed to be "driving" the £10,000 model, which was at the bottom of the bay!

The stunt was treated as a great joke, and made the front pages of every newspaper: and the public, despite the laughter, were soon aware of a film called "Moby Dick."

Just before the outbreak of war, when he flew the Atlantic with Dick Merrill, Harry Richman, famed stage, radio and screen star, devised a publicity stunt which resulted in his name going into homes all over Britain.

Inside the wings of his plane Harry placed thousands of table tennis balls to give his ship buoyancy. When he reached this country, Harry Richman placed his autograph on all of them, and they were sold at sixpence each.

So, as well as getting good publicity, Richman made quite a profit!

FAITH AND THE FAUN.

Recently, Faith Bacon, the noted American dancer, decided that she needed some publicity—and got what she wanted! Faith's latest dance creation calls upon her to dance gracefully, lightly clad, with a faun.

One fine morning she walked down one of New York's most famous streets, clad in little more than a smile, with a faun on a lead.

Within a few minutes hundreds were following her, cameramen had taken the desired pictures, and scores of policemen were trying to move on the ever-growing crowds.

Finally, Faith Bacon was taken to the police station and charged with being responsible for a traffic hold-up. The Judge, eyeing the beautiful dancer, suggested that she refrained from doing such a silly thing again if she wished to keep outside a prison cell.

Faith smiled, thanked him, and went back to her theatre, where soon she was playing to "house full" audiences.

The pictures and story had made a possible flop a money-maker.

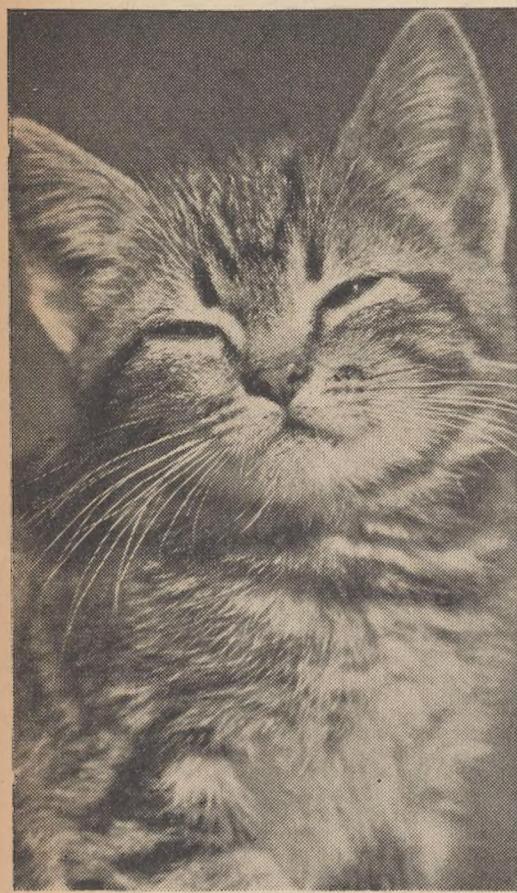
There are failures, of course. The greatest is Joseph Goebbels. He has spent more money than any stage or screen corporation to try and sell his "goods"—the Nazi Party—to the rest of the world.

He has failed....

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

This England



"Excuse me won't you? I'm too tired to keep my eyes open."

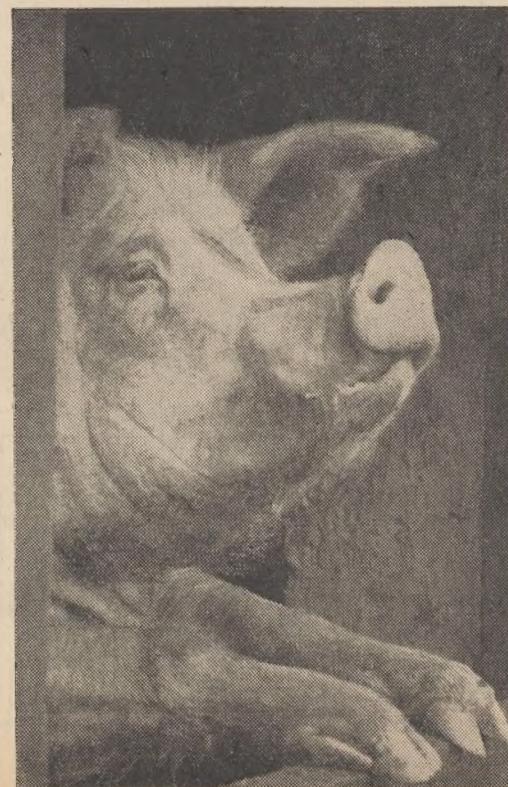


"I'm only practising, silly. My daddy's a commando, and he said that every young lady should know how to protect herself these days. Do you feel dead?"



Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, Kent. Originally built in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it ceased to be a Royal castle in 1552. It is now the seat of Sir Adrian Baillie, M.P. for Tonbridge.

Zorina who featured in Warner Bros. film, "On Your Toes," looks just as good this way, too.



"Enough to make you turn your nose up in disgust, the way these ladies behave nowadays. Now when I was young..."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Ah hopes she's slippin' THIS way."

